

The Pleasant and Delightful

HISTORY

O F

Tom of Lincoln,

The most Valiant and Renowned

Red-Rose Knight;

Surnamed for his many Wonderful Exploits,

The Glory and Pride of *England*.

Containing an Account of his Princely Birth, strange Education, Noble and Valiant Exploits at Home and Abroad; his Amours with the *Fairy Queen*; his Marriage with the Emperour of *Aethiopia's* Daughter; also the manner of his Unfortunate Death. Together with the Adventures and Exploits of his two Princely Sons, the *Fairy Knight* and *Black Knight*.



The History of Tom of Lincoln, &c.

CHAP. I.

How King Arthur was enamoured with the Beautious Angelica, the only Daughter to the Earl of London; by what means he gained her Love, and had by her a Son named Tom a Lincoln; how he was brought up, and called The Red-Rose Knight; and how he gave the great Bell, now called by his Name, in that City, &c.

W HEN the Far-fam'd King Arthur sway'd the British Scepter, and had, by the Aid of his Knights of the Round Table, and other valiant Warriours, made great Conquests in divers other Nations, returning crown'd with Laurels of Triumph from his Victories abroad, he was received by Androgius, Earl of London and Middlesex, with all the Honour that was due to his Greatness and Kingly Dignity: The Feasting and Sports were Great and Magnificent, and too many here to be enumerated. But in the midst of these Delights the King cast his Eyes on the ravishing Beauties of fair Angelica, the Earl's only Daughter; and though he was then married to a Queen, and could not make her his lawful Wife, his Flame so encreased to enjoy her delicate Body, that his Reason in vain opposed his Passion, and the Resistance he made to subdue it, the more encreased it, insomuch that he resolved to let loose the Reins to his Love, and leaving, for a time, the rough Tents of Mars, to Sport in the soft Alcoves of Venus: When, one Evening from his Window seeing her in the Garden, he went to her where she sat in an Arbour shaded over with a pleasant Vine full of Clusters of ripe Grapes, little suspecting his Intent; she received him with Respect, and a modest Behaviour; when her Blushes looking comely on her, so transported him with Raptures of Joy, that, after a little Pause, he broke forth into these Expressions: Divinity of Creatures, behold a King in Distress before you; take Compassion on his Sufferings, and yield him your Love, for which you shall ask nothing in his Power, but you shall freely command it. Therefore as Heaven and Nature have adorned you with transcendant Beauty, a mild and meek Behaviour, be not cruel to me in this my great Extremity, but allow me that which

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alone can save my Life. And thereupon he breathed out many languishing Sighs. The fair Angelica hearing what she little expected, could not refrain waxing pail, and trembling exceedingly, not knowing for a time what Answer to make; but being a little recover'd out of her Amazement, she took Courage to reply in this manner: O most Mighty Sovereign, What manner of Love can you expect from a wretched Maiden, so much beneath your Royal Dignity, especially since you are already marryed to a virtuous Queen. I cannot think that in Requital for the curious Entertainment you have had at my Father's House, you intend Dishonour to his Daughter; that, no doubt, is far from a Princely Mind, and suits with none but ignoble Spirits. Your Wife I cannot be, and to yield up my Virgin-honour on any other account, would for ever blast not only mine, but the Reputation of our Family, and bring my aged Father with Sorrow to his Grave. Therefore I beseech you, Dread Sir, to remember your Marriage-bed, and the many Obligations your fair Queen has laid upon you to endeavour you to her Love; and let then your Reason over-power your Desires.

Having said this, she rose up, withdrawing her Hand from his, and hastily departed out of the Garden, leaving him in the greatest Confusion imaginable: yet so powerful Love tyrannized in his Heart, that he resolved not to give over his Suit, but to enjoy her Beauties at any rate, seeking all Opportunities to be in her Company; sending Music every Morning under her Window, Bribing her Waiting-woman to plead for him in his Absence; and bestowed so many rich Gifts on the Lady, that wearied with his Importunities, and hoping, as he promised her, to be Queen if his Queen happened to die before him, he found such a Yielding in her, that one Night entering into her Chamber, where she was in Bed, lying like a sleeping Angel, he undressed himself, and seized on her naked Beauties; where, after some faint Strugglings, between willing and unwilling, she yielded to his Desires; so that he gathered the Rose of her Virginity: And there they sealed their mutual Vowsever to love and oblige each other. But fearing, however, to be discovered in her Father's Court, because the King could not so often have Pretences to resort to her, it was agreed between them, she should vow herself a professed Nun, and go into a Monastery of his founding at Lincoln; where he would so deal with the Abbess, by Bribes, that she should never deny him Admittance to her. This Project took, with the Consent of the good old Earl, and she, at her Request, was placed a Sister in the Monastery; where the King in Disguise frequently visited her: so that they followed in love-delights, till her swelling Womb

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Womb declared the stolen Pleasures: But the Abbess kept it so secretly, that she delivered her, without the least Suspicion to the rest of the Sister-hood, of a lovely Boy; which, by the King's Consent, being richly cloathed, and a Purse of Jewels and Gold tied about its Neck, was carried and laid at the Door of *Antonio*, an aged Shepherd, a little distant from the Monastery; unknown to the fair *Angelica*, and was taken in by the Shepherd, who had no Children, and fostered as his Son, who named him (as supposing he had been brought out of the City of *Lincoln*, from some rich young Lady who had made a false Step,) *Tom of Lincoln*. Many were the Tears the fair *Angelica* shed when she found her sweet Babe was removed from her: But the King and Abbess comforted her, telling her, he was well provided for, but concealed; where, lest in her Over-fondness she might have gone and discovered the whole Matter, so that it might have come to the Ears of the Queen. The Babe being diligently tended by the Shepherd's Wife, grew apace, and by his Features, as he encreased in Years, appeared more and more to be of noble Birth; tho' the Shepherd and Shepherdess concealed from him the manner of his finding, and bore him in Hand that he was their Son, setting him, when grown to ten Years of Age, to tend the tender Lambs that grazed and plaid in the pleasant Meadows, about their Cottage; where, accompanying with other Youths, he was highly Honoured by them, and one Day made their Leader, they Crowning him with a Chaplet or Garland of Roses, Dubbing him, after their manner, a Knight, by the Stile of Honour of, *The Red-Rose Knight*; swearing to be obedient to his Commands. Whilst these things passed, and the King frequently visited and comforted the fair *Angelica*, for the loss of him, he grew up to Man's Estate, when finding the Greatness of his Spirit inclining him to Warlike Deeds, secretly getting Arms for him and his Companions, he trained them up under him as his Soldiers; and a great number of desperate Out-laws flocking to him for Shelter and Protection, he grew terrible to the Country, taking great Spoils, and committing many Outrages in his ranging up and down; and at last grew so strong, that he boldly pitched his Tehts on *Bransdale-beach*, and bid Defiance to the Power of the whole County. *Antonio*, the old Shepherd, no sooner heard where he was, but he hasted to him, in hopes by his Intreaties to reclaim him from those unlawful Courses of Living; but when he found his Tears, Entreaties, nor Threats could not prevail, his aged Heart was so overcharged with Grief, that perceiving Life was about to take wing, and leave him in the Shades of Death, he, with some bitter Reproach

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... told him, he was a Foundling, and none of his Son; which much amazed him; but scarce had he finished the Relation how he found him, but with a woful Groan, the poor aged Shepherd, to his unspeakable Grief, gave up the Ghost in his Arms; over whose lifeless Body he shed many Tears, causing him to be buried in a stately Tomb in the City of *Lincoln*, and in Consideration of the Citizens Kindness in permitting, and appearing at his Funeral in great Numbers, he not only nobly feasted them, but gave them a thousand Mark to buy the great Bell in that City now called by his Name; ordering it should be rung every Year on the Day *Antonio* died; which for some Ages afterward was punctually observed.

C H A P. II.

How he was sent for, and entertained in King Arthur's Court; and being sent General against the Portuguese, conquered that Kingdom, bringing the King home Prisoner; and then travell'd in search of his Parents, landed in Fairy-land; and other Matters.

Long it was not e'er the Fame of this worthy Champion reach'd King *Arthur's* Court; and the King, who well knew him, but refrained to be known to him for fear of his jealous Queen, sent for him to his Court, promising, if he would leave that course of Life, to prefer him and his Companions to such Dignities as they were capable of in Martial Affairs. To the Messengers the King sent, which were three of his choicest Knights, he hearkened; and having received a Pardon for himself and his Followers, for all Offences past, he attend them to Court, where he and the rest were received and highly welcomed by the King, speaking the rest by Feasting, Jests, and Tournaments, wherein the *Red-rose Knight* won such Fame, that he was esteemed the best Knight in the Nation; and to honour him the more, the King dubbed him a Knight, and put a pair of Golden Spurs on his Heels.

These joyful Triumphs were no sooner over, but News was brought to the King, that his Ambassadors treating of Peace at the Court of *Portugale*, were, contrary to the Law of Nations, and Priviledge of Ambassadors, slain by that King's Command. This Violence so enraged King *Arthur*, that he swore a bloody Revenge; and so preparing his Shipping to the number of a thousand Sail, embarked all his Forces, making the *Red-rose Knight* General of them; and so they setting sail with a prosperous Wind, came into the Bay of *Lisbon*, being a Terror to the whole Country, where, beating the *Portuguese*

The History of Sir Lancelot du Lake.

guese from their Defences they forcible thrust on Shear, making great Slaughter of the Enemy, and putting the whole Army in Battalia, ranged on the Plains before the City, which is on one side secured by the flowing of the the River *Tage*, being very spacious and populous, but finding he could not there draw the King to a Battle, nor easily storm a City, within whose Walls remained a numerous Army, he marched on, wasting the Country, and taking many Towns, which obliged the King of *Portugale* to send to all Parts for Aid, and hasten to the Succour of his Subjects: So on a large Plain near *Miofa*, a great Battle was fought between the two Armies, wherein Victory for a time stood doubtful; but in the end, by the Prowess of the *Red-rose Knight*, who charged like a Tempest through the Squadrons and Battalions of his Foes, the Enemy gave Ground, and were overwhelmed in Heaps, so that the Dead, like Ramparts hemmed him in, and a miserable slaughter ensued, paving the Place with dead Carcasses, and colouring the Neighbouring Streams with Rivulets of Blood: Then began they to fall into a fearful Flight, and were followed with great Execution, till Night put an end to the Pursuit. In this Battle fifty thousand *Portuguese* were slain, and the King taken Prisoner, with most of the Nobles, whom the *Red-rose Knight*, after the Sack of *Lisbon*, and divers other Cities, to the great Enriching of his Soldiers, brought Prisoners into *England*: Having left a Lieutenant, or Vice-roy, to command that Country, as subject, by Conquest to the British Crown.

Upon his Arrival, he was received with great Joy, and triumph'd magnificiently in the City of *London*; having for the Space of three Days the Spoils in War, Riches taken, and Prisoners, being in Order, presented to the View of the People. However, at his Request, the King of *Portugale*, and his Nobles were kindly used; and, without Ransom, sent home upon Consideration of paying an Annual Tribute, and Fealty to King *Arthur*, and his Successors, for the Kingdom, which was done. Now to this brave and successful Enterprize, he was, as an additional Honour, stiled, *The Boast of England*. But after this Martial Experience Abroad, finding nothing to employ his Sword at Home, he, with much ado, got leave of the King to travel in Search of Adventures; and was furnished with a gallant Ship, and all things fit for a Voyage: Sir *Lancelot du Lake*, and many other of the King's choicest Knights accompanying him for the Love they bore him. His main Design in this Matter being to go in search of his Parents, of whom, since old *Antony*, the Shepherd's Declining of him for his Son, he was ignorant, they set sail with

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with a prosperous Wind, but had not been long at Sea, e'er a mighty Storm arose, wherein the Ship bearing before the Wind, unnumber'd Leagues, in spite of the Master and Pilot's Art, till at length the Winds slackning, and the Sun appearing, which it had not done in many Weeks, they found they were near the Shoar of an unknown Island, pleasant in Situation; and their Victuals being mostly spoiled at Sea, during the tempestuous Weather, pale Famine beginning dreadfully to encroach upon them, they resolved to put into Harbour, and try the Courtesie of the Inhabitants, or, that failing, to take Provision by Force.

They had no sooner landed in this strange Country, and travell'd a few Miles, but they saw issue out of a large City (whose Golden Spires reflected the Sun-beams, and shone at a distance very gloriously) about two thousand Women compleatly armed, with Head-pieces and Breast-plates of Silver, some with Spears, others with Bows and Quivers hanging on their Shoulders, and many other Instruments of Death; which made the *Red-rose Knight* much to wonder at the Sight: but before he could determine what to do, two of the Female Army advanced, to know the Reason, why they landed on that forbidden Ground, so fatal to Men, wherein Numbers had lost their Lives in the like Attempt? To this the *Red-rose Knight* courteously replyed, *Fair Ladies, we come not as Spies, or Enemies to your Country, but were driven accidentally into your Harbour by Stress of Weather; and all we require, is, only Provisions for such things of Value as we shall give you in Exchange for it.* But the Ladies replied, Though they pitied their Case, it could not be allowed, but if they instantly retired not, they must expect speedy Battle, and even those that were taken Prisoners, to suffer Death; since it being a Female-government, their Laws allowed not any Man to breath amongst them; since for the Sights that had been put upon them, they destroyed all the Male-natives of the Country, except *Lamos* their King, whom *Celia*, his beauteous Daughter, who now Reigned, had in Compassion spared; yet exposed him in a Boat to a desperate Fortune, in search of Adventures at Sea.

Well, said the *Red-rose Knight*, this is strange that you tell me; but we being in a starving Condition, will rather fight manfully, tho' in a Battle against our Inclination, with Women, than pine to Death with Hunger. Upon this the two Ladies desired leave to inform their Queen of the Conference that had passed between them; and upon the Hearing of which, she consulted her chief Ladies, who came to a Result not to engage against Men so desperately bent, but rather to allow them Nec-

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The History of Cain of Constance
farles, and so dismist them. Whereupon a white Flag of Truce
was advanced, a Signal given for the noble Adventurers to ap-
proach, which the Red-rose Knight and six more did, and were met
in the Mid-way by the Queen, and as many of her chief Ladies,
who courteously greeted them, and conveyed them to a rich Parle-
ment without the Gates of the City, where she feasted them nobly,
and sent Provision to those that remained behind, which greatly
refreshed their drooping spirits.

C H A P. III
*How he was entertained by Cella, the Virgin Queen of Fairy-land, and
the strange Relation she made him: How he enjoyed her, and began on
her a fair Son, with his Departure: and of a Love-story Sir Lancelot
du Lake related, &c.*

THE Queen having entertained the Red-rose Knight and his
Companions in her Pavilion, her Eyes fed as much on his
manly Beauties, Stature, and comely Behaviour, as his Appetite
did on the costly Provisions and Wines he found there, after a long
Weather-beaten Voyage: The Feast being over, she sent her La-
dies to fetch the rest of his People; and taking the Knight by the
Hand, led him courteously into her spacious City; ordering all the
rest of the Ladies to follow her Example with the others; when com-
ing into her Pallace, a new Banquet was prepared of choicer Dain-
ties than before; and all of them were highly welcomed: But to be
brief, after many Glances and amorous Signs, the Queen going to
her Closet, sent for the Red-rose Knight to her, and declared her
Passion for him in very moving Terms; saying, It was contrary to
her Mind, that the Men in that Country were destroy'd; but she had
been constrained seemingly to consent to it, by the imaged married
Women, for their Husbands leaving their Company to War abroad
under King Lermos, her Father's Command, and they often send-
ing to them to return, but they refusing, they took it as slight of
their Persons and Beauty, and growing jealous, that they satisfied
their Desires of the Captive Women taken in many Cities; they
out of Revenge, slew their all Male-Children, and vowed a perpetual
Hatred to Men: But being grown cool upon it, and fearing their
Husbands would inflict a bloody Revenge upon them, they bound
themselves by Oaths to murder them, at their Return, the first
Night they were embracing them, so to avoid the deserved Punish-
ment, they cruelly executed their wicked and hellish Design, and then

over-powering the single Men, and Bachelors, destroyed all, but a few contriv'd to make their Escape by Sea, in a Ship I provided for the King, my Father. But since they have dearly repented it; and therefore contrite Knights, since they have compelled me to take on me the Crown, see I lay it at your Feet, with the Command of my Kingdom, if you will grant me your Love, and Marry me. Also the rest of your Knights and Companions, I will marry to the most Honourable Ladies, so that the Land may be filled with People, and so fruitful a Soil not left desolate; which otherways in a little time it must be. The *Red-rose Knight* heard this Discourse with much Admiration and Attention; and resolving in his Mind, that he nor his Companions could not be long safe among such bloody minded Women, who at the least Pet taken, might likewise murder them, replied, *Fair Queen, your Beauties and courteous Behaviour invite me indeed; but I am under a Vow to travel in search of my Parents; but if I succeed in my Search, at my Return I will do anything that may please you.*

This, instead of comforting her, made Tears fall from her fair Eyes; and, without speaking a Word, to withdraw herself behind a Curtain embroidered with Silver, Gold, and Pearls, where he left her, and returned to his Companions, whom the Ladies had caressed in the like manner. However, Night coming on, they resolved to venture to repose there; when at Mid-night, the Queen, laying aside her Blouses, came to bed with the *Red-rose Knight*, who perceived it not, till waking he felt her naked by his Side, whereupon declaring who she was, she began to kiss him tenderly, pouring out many amorous Expressions, mix'd with burning Sighs, in excuse of what she had done against the Laws of Modesty, to enjoy his Love: Which so moved him to compassionate, that embracing her Snow-white Body, like a true Knight to a distressed Damozel, he took her Reason, gathering the Rose of her Virginity, to her high Satisfaction, and so often repeated the ravishing Pleasure whilst he stayed in her Court, as did his Followers with the rest of the Ladies, at their earnest Request: so that not only the Queen, but most of them conceived and were with Child by the English Worthies. But the *Red-rose Knight* making known his Design to depart from the Country, which now he knew to be called *Fairy-land*, lying vastly wide from any other Country, in the Western Ocean, the Queen made great Lamentations, intreating him, by the tender Eyes of Love, and for the sake of his dear Pledge she carried in her Womb, not to leave her comfortless. But he urged so many Reasons for it, that at last she con-

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The History of Count of Rintoin.

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sented to *Victual* his Ship, and furnish him with store of Gold, Silver, Jewels and all sorts of rich Garments, upon his solemn Promise he would return to her within a Twelve-month; and so they parted with abundance of Kisses and Embraces, mingled with the Queen's Tears. Nor were the rest of the Ladies less troubled to lose their vigorous Gallants; So that the Ship setting sail, left all the Island in Mourning; the Queen, like *Disconsolate Dido*, fixing her Eyes, brimful of Pearly Dew, on it till it was out of sight.

The Weather being now fair, they sailed many Leagues from *Fairy-land*, without meeting any Adventure worthy of note; when to pass away the tediousness of the Time, on the vast Ocean, *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, at the Request of the *Red-Rose Knight*, undertook to relate the pleasant History of the Love and Amours of *Valentine*, Son to the Emperour of *Constantinople*, and *Dulcippa*, a Gentlewoman, waiting on the Empress, which was in this manner:

The History of Valentine and Dulcippa.

IT happened this *Dulcippa* was a Knight's Daughter who had been trained up at Court from her Child-hood, so that her Beauty was no more excellent than her Carriage, which so inflam'd many Nobles, that they laboured with Presents and fair Speeches to gain her, some in Marriage, others to their Lust; but she refused and resisted them all, having fixed her Love entirely on *Valentin*, the Emperour's Son, a gallant warlike Youth, who had atchieved many Victories abroad, tho' young. But considering his high Birth, she concealed her Flame, though with much Pain and Torment of Mind; and he having often gazed on her excellent Beauty, which exceeded all the Ladies of the Court, likewise fell desperately in Love with her; but, considering the Danger it might bring her in, if it were prosecuted and known, he forbore to discover it so long, till he found himself not longer able to suffer under the weight of his Passion; wherefore at the end of a Dance at a general Triumph, or Feast, he took her aside as if to whisper her what new Dance he intended next to call, and then he poured out with Sighs, his passionate Affection in her tender Bosom; which she, overcome with Love as much as he, most courteously received; but withal, urged the Danger it would work both him and her; for she well knew, the Emperour and Empress would never consent so mean a Gentlewoman should marry so great a Prince; and without Marriage, she resolved never to part with her Virginity. But he comforted her in this, that so from that time they often met to consult how they

might bring it about to Joyn their Hands, since their Hearts were so firmly Linked by Love; till at last, the implacable Empress being in a private Bower, ~~unseen~~ ^{unheard} to them, overheard their passionate Love-discourse, but took no notice of it to either of them. However, she sent for *Eranio*, her Doctor and Confident, commanding him to Poyson *Dulcippa*; at which, though he trembled, and made many Excuses, being charged on pain of Death, he undertook to do it; and to facilitate this, the Empress sent her on a Message with the Doctor, when passing through a Wood, he told her the whole Story; at which she shrieked, started, and looked pale. However, the villainous Wretch poured the Poison, as he thought down her Throat, and departed: But it seems, in haste he had mistaken and given her only a Somniferous Dose, which made her immediately fall asleep, and in that condition was found soon after by a grave Hermit, who conveyed her to his Cell, in order to her Burial, but finding that she breathed, he gave her such things as brought her to herself again; to whom she related the sad Story of her Disaster. Whereupon he advised her not to go to Court again, but live with some solitary Virgins who had forsaken the World upon such like Accidents and Oranges, and built them a little Nunnery in that Forrest. To this she consented; and he conveying her thither, she was kindly received and entertained by them. No sooner was *Dulcippa* missing at Court, but the Princely Lover fearing some Mischief might have befallen her, searched all the Palace; and every suspected place of the City; but no where finding her, he mounted privately and went out at the Gates in an unknown Habit, vowing never to return again till he had heard News of his Love. The Empress upon Notice of his Departure, and the Cause of it, was exceedingly grieved at what she had done; and in her raving for the Loss of her Son, and cursing *Eranio* for so easily consenting to her revengeful Will, she let fall such Words, as coming to the Emperour's hearing, gave him a Suspicion of their having made away his Son, and the young Lady; and this was the more heightened by reason of some Familiarities he had seen pass between his Wife and the Doctor: So suspecting himself might be the next to make way for him to his Bed, and Throne, he caused them notwithstanding their Denials of all that had happen'd, to be shut up in a strong Tower; and that if no Champion came to vindicate them, or overcame the Challenger, within thirty Days, he doomed them to be burnt to Ashes.

Now whilst this passed, *Valentine* wander'd the Woods, Forrests, and Desarts in vain, so being weary of his Travel, he resolv'd to turn
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Shepherd, and so entered himself under an old Shepherd to keep his Sheep, in the Forrest where *Dulcippa's* Nunnery stood; when, one Day playing a melancholy Tune on his Pipe, following his Sheep by the Nunnery-wall, he thought he see a Face out of the Window that he knew; yet little believed the Mistress of his Affections was fled from his Arms to be Embraced by Stone-walls; he went pensive on, singing a doleful Song of the loss of his Love: whereupon she knew his Voice, and calling, ready to leap out at the Window to him for Joy, he knew her perfectly: Long it was not e'er she descended, running with open Arms to embrace him. And so being privately married by the Hermit, they lived contentedly a Rural Life; till *Valentine* defending his Mother's Cause, made himself known to his Father, and was together with *Dulcippa*, received very Joyfully.

C H A P. IV.

How the Red-Rose Knight arriving in Prester John's Country, and there slew a dreadful Dragon, and won the Golden Tree, with Anglitora, the Emperor's fair Daughter; and being denied her by her Father, carried her away privately, &c.

THe foregoing Story of the happy Lovers was scarce spun out, before the Ship arrived in a spacious Bay, at the bottom of which, was a spacious City, lifting up its lofty Towers, with Spires and Battlements that seemed to tremble in the Air; yet they knew not well on what Coast they were; but however, having couragious and undaunted Spirits, they resolved to push for the Shoar: where sending Sir *Lancelot* to Court to inform who they were, they found it was *Prester John's*, the great Emperour of *Aethiopia*, who courteously received all Christian Strangers; and with Sir *Lancelot* came several Messengers to invite them to Court. At their Arrival, the aged Emperour sitting on a Throne of Jasper, Ivory and Gold, supported with Pillars of Carbuncles, that lighted all the place by Night, welcomed them; and demanded whence they came, and what News they brought from other Parts of the World, where they had travell'd? To which Questions, they gave him very satisfactory Answers. Whereupon he commanded them to be feasted gallantly, being served in Gold and Silver Cups set with pretious Stones, which greatly abound in those Easter Countries; after that, they were entertained with all sorts of Musick and Antick Dances. Yet nothing so pleased the Eyes of the *Red-Rose Knight*, as the sight of the beauteous *Anglitora*, the Emperour's Daughter, who came to see and welcome these Strangers,

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gers, attended on by a Train of Princesses, her Father's Subjects Daughters, for his Empire had thirty Kingdoms in it, that were his Tributaries: The Princess likewise beholding his comely Personage, and manly Beauty, took a great Delight in him, and so settled her Affections on him, that it ended not without Injoyment, as will be hereafter manifested. After the Feast was ended, the Emperour, among other Discourses, told the English Knights of a Tree that every Year bore Golden Fruit, yet was so strictly guarded by a monstrous wakeful Dragon, that those who attempted to approach it, were slain by him, in which Attempt many valiant Knights had fallen: And that whoever would destroy the Dragon, and gain free Access to it, should have his Daughter in Marriage. This Discourse so animated the *Red-rose Knight* to try the Adventure (though he had heard the Dragon was twenty Foot in length, and twelve in circumference, carrying three poisonous Stings in his Mouth, besides that of his Tail, and breathing an infectious Breath, that corrupted the Air at some distance, that, notwithstanding the Disquisitions of his Companions, he resolved to undertake it, for the Love he bore to the fair Princess, whose delicate Person was to be his Reward, if he came off with Victory.

This he signified to the Emperour, who seemed greatly to rejoyce at it: And so, the next Morning early, he prepared to encounter the terrible Monster: He had no sooner approached the Golden Tree, but he perceived his Adversary coming towards him, whom he smote with his trusty Sword very furiously; but he cast such a deal of Poison on him that he was almost suffocated, and with a stroke of his mighty Tail, beat him from his Horse: But this nothing at all daunted the courageous Knight, for getting on his Feet, he renewed the Encounter, and after a dreadful Combat, thrust his Sword into his Breast up to the Hilt, leaving it sticking there, of which mortal Wound, after a while wallowing in his Blood, giving a dismal Yell, he died. The noble Knight by his Valour having thus gained the Advantage over a cruel Monster that had destroyed many gallant Heroes, drew out his Sword that was sheathed in his poisonous Body, and with it, at many blows, striking off his monstrous Head, placed it on the Point of it; and taking some Branches laden with the Golden Fruit, returned towards the City. But by the way was met by a Troop of Damosels, sent by the Princess, who crowned him with a Garland of Roses and Lillies in Token of Victory, playing on Musick, and singing before him, strewing his way with fragrant Flowers: so that in that manner he entered the City in a kind of Triumph, being there met by the Em-

Emperour, and his Nobles, who highly welcomed him, and proclaimed a Feast and a great Rejoycing. The Princess likewise came forth with her noble Train to meet him; at whose Feet he laid his Trophies; then was he conducted by her to his Lodging, to be healed of his Wounds, she undertaking his Cure, since he had adventured so much for her sake, washing of the Blood with Essence of Roses and Violets; whose gentle Hand he suffered with much Pleasure, and then expressed his Thankfulness in these Words: *Most beauteous Princess, how infinitely am I indebted to you for this Favour: Yet though I have won you by your Father's Promise, I am so far from daring to think you mine, unless you freely consent, though without you I cannot Live, that I will not compel you against your Mind, but leave you to your Freedom and Liberty, to give me Life or Death at your Pleasure.*

Ah! most worthy Knight, replied she, fetching a deep Sigh, *if you leave it to my Choice, and it be within my Power, it shall be Life; and I shall think myself the most happy Creature in the World, that I can do any thing to oblige you.* Upon this they kissed, and tenderly embraced each other; not, for a while through Transports of Passion, being able to speak; but when their Speeches returned, it was agreed between them, That the Emperour's Consent should be demanded to joyn their Hands in Marriage, as Love had joyned their Hearts.

But when the *Red-rose Knight* put that Question to him, who had already taken Possession of the golden Tree, walled it about, and set a Band of Knights to secure it; he found him altered from his former Disposition, answering coldly, and by that plainly shewed he repented him of his Promise. Whereupon he urged it so vehemently, that the Emperour's Anger waxed hot, so that he made him this ingrateful Reply: *Think you, Sir Knight, when I promised you my Daughter, if you overcame the Dragon, I was in Earnest: No, it was to encourage you to gain Fame and Renown in Feats of Arms; and that, I think, to any Man of Honour, should be a sufficient Recompense. What, can you imagine I will bestow the Heiress of so mighty an Emptre, on a wandring Knight, who may have Kings with Kingdoms to her Dowry? I have other Recompences sufficient for you; and if those will satisfy you, well; but if not, I will sooner part with my Empire than my Daughter to you.* This Answer startled the *Red-rose Knight*; but as he was going to make a fierce Reply to charge him with Ingratitude, in breaking his Royal Word, the Emperour turned his back on him, and went into Closet leaving him so amazed and confounded that he knew not what

what to think : However, suspending his Anger, he went directly to the Princess, and told her what her Father had said ; at which unexpected News, she had like to have swooned away for Grief ; but recovering from the Trouble of Mind she was in, hanging about his Neck, she cried, *Ab! my dear Knight, though my Father is cruel, my Love shall be no less to you : I will leave both Father, and Country to accompany you into what Land soever you please to carry me.* This kind Expression so reviv'd the *Red-rose Knight*, that he forgot his former Sorrow, or Thought of Revenge : So having communicated the Matter to Sir *Lancelot*, and the rest, it was agreed amongst them, That as soon as the *Morning-star* appeared, he should bring his Lady on Board, and then they would be in a Readiness to hoist the Sails. This was punctually observed ; and a little after, the Emperour repenting him of his harsh Usage to the *Red-rose Knight*, came with Presents to give him at his Departure, and take his Leave of him : But finding him, and his Daughter missing, he mistrusted what had happened, and so, with a great Train, hasted to the Port, in hopes to prevent their Departure, but they had sailed above an Hour before : yet the Ship was in Sight, and the Princess beckoned a Farewel to him, with her Lilly-white Hand from the highest Deck of the Ship, by which he knew she went with her own Consent, and was so grieved to lose the Joy of his Life, that he wept piteously, tearing his Silver Hair, and soon after for Sorrow ended his Days.

C H A P. V.

How returning for England, and remembering his Promise to the Fairy Queen, he was driven from her Coast by a Storm ; whereupon, she attempting to follow him, was drowned, and floated to his Ship with her bloody Letter, and her Burial : How he arrived in England ; and how King Arthur, upon his Death-bed, discover'd him to be his Son, and what ensued thereon, &c.

BEing now again on the Seas, the Ship drove before the Wind till it came in sight of *Fairy-land* ; which made the *Red-rose Knight* remember his Promise to *Queen Celia* of returning again to visit her ; and thereupon ordered the Pilot to make Land there, where they had by the kind Destinies once been preserved from Death and kindly used ; But notwithstanding for two Days, they laboured against Wind and Tide, with infinite Pains, they could not bear up to gain the Port, which exceedingly grieved him : However, *Celia*, from the
Gol-

Golden Lions, hasted to the Harbo'r, waiting there in a longing Expectation that it would come safe into Harbour: praying, according to the Custom of the Country, to the Gods of the Sea and Winds, once more to bring her lovely Knight to her Arms, for whose Absence she had shed so many Tears: But when she perceived her Prayers were not answered, and that the Ship, in spite of all the Marriners could do, bore more and more off from the Shoar, she lifted up her young Son, whom she had brought forth since her Knight's Departure, pointing towards his Father, and with Tears, saying, *Oh! my dear Infant, cast thy Eyes towards yonder Ship, and although thou cannot weep with me feelingly, yet it may be told thee hereafter, thou hast taken thy Farewel of him, whom I fear, thou wilt never more see.* Then kissing him, she bathed his rose Cheeks in Tears, ordering her Boat to be made ready: but the Ladies who used to row her on the pleasant Shoars in Calms for her Recreation, told her, No Boat they had was able to live in such a boisterous Sea: and that they would not be so foolishly desperate to venture their Lives in it; bearing her hopes that the Ship might in time come into Harbour, and that she thought not, for the Love of a Stranger, in a manner to her, to expose her Royal Person to such imminent Danger.

To this the impatient Queen gave little heed: but resolving to venture, commended to her chiefest Ladies the bringing up of her young Son, if she happened to miscarry, and never return again: So going to her Chamber, making great Lamentations, and praying, if she happened to be drowned in the Sea, without seeing her dear Knight, that the Gods would cause her Body to float to his Ship, that being taken up by him, he might at least embrace her dead Body, embalm it with his Tears, as a Witness of her Constancy, and his unalterable Affections. And that she might be the better known to him, she attired herself in the richest Robes of wrought Silver, and fastned her Crown on her Head, with a chain of Gold he had given her; and so, as a Testimony of her Faithfulness, writing a Letter, compelled two Women-slaves she had purchased, to take up the Oars and put out to Sea: But frowning Neptune prosper'd not her Wishes, for tossing the Boat about like a Tennis-ball, by bandying it from Wave to Wave, at last it overturn'd, where Cupid's fiery Darts that so inflam'd the Queen's Breast, were with her Life quenched in the briny Deep: However, in this she had her Wish, for her dead Body drove to the Ship-side, and beat upon it as loath to depart thence, till such time as the Red-rose Knight espying it, order'd it to be

taken up; and knowing her, though her Visage was now exceeding pale, he bathed her Cheeks with Tears, labouring to recover Life in her, but could not. *Anglicoria* all this while wonder'd what his Over-fondness to the dead Body might mean, till going to take off her Garments, in order to imbalm her, by the Knight's Command, he found the Letter which she had sowed up in her Robes, which he read, the Contents being these:

Most worthy Knight,

I Ever since you left the dear Pledge of your Love in my tender Womb, have with much Impatience expected your Return, according to your Promise, Night and Day lamenting and bemoaning your Absence; yet sometimes I comforted myself with a conceived Hope, that so Renowned a Person would never consent to break his plighted Promise to a Queen, that so dearly loved him, one who gave up her Virgin-innocence to his Arms, and underwent so much Hazard for his sake: But finding your Ship, which with Transports of Joy I had at first beheld, bearing upon my Coast, I adventured to Sea, in a small Boat, to follow you, and put you in mind of your Vows; praying, if I was cast away, the Gods of the Seas and Winds would drive me to your Ship, that you might see how much I had ventured for Love of you. And if it did so happen, all I require of you, is, you would bury me honourably, and shed a Tear over my Grave; confessing I dyed true and constant; deserving far better Usage from my dear Knight.

Celia, Queen of Fairyland.

When *Anglicoria* had read these bloody Characters, she could not refrain from weeping, yet withal conceived an inward Anger against her Husband, for that he had to do with any before her, yet concealed it; and shewing him the Letter (which with more Grief he read) desired him to take Care of the Body; which he did, causing it to be imbalm'd, and conveyed to *England*, where he buried it, and raised a stately Monument over it, whereon was set these Lines:

Here lies fair Celia, the bright Fairy Queen,
Who to her Knight has ever Constant been:
She did no Danger for his sake refrain,
But for him perish'd in the foaming Main.
Weep you that read, and pity her, since she
Far better did deserve, than what you see.

The

The *Red-rose Knight*, with his fair Princess had not long been landed, before the Fame of his Arrival reach'd King *Arthur's* Court, who sent several of his choicest Knights to invite and conduct him thither, where he remained for many Years in all manner of Joy and Delights the Court or Country could afford; during which *Anglitoria's* Womb brought forth a fair and lovely Son, who, at his Birth, might compare with *Hercules* for Bigness of Limbs, when he was born by Queen *Alumena*; and because at his Birth much black Hair appeared on his Body, they stiled him, *The Elack Knight*, after he had received the Order of Knighthood from King *Arthur*, his unknown Grandfather, who put his Golden Spurs on his little Heels, and caused him to be brought up in Princely Education, till he was twelve Years of Age: In the mean time his Father being General for the King in many Battles, overthrew the Invading Saxons, and got great Renown and Honour, being generally beloved of all the People: But in this prosperous State Fortune with a Turn of her Wheel crossed all their Happiness.

King *Arthur* about this time falling sick, and having great Remorse and Reluctancy in his Mind for his Sins, much bewailed himself, finding a Load on his Conscience for the Lawless Pleasures of his Youth, and when Death near approach'd, perceived he could not die in quiet till he had reveal'd to the Queen the stolen Pleasures he had with *Angelica*, the fair Nun of *Lincoln*, wherefore calling her to him, as also the *Red-rose Knight*, and *Anglitoria*, his Princess, in a sighing dying Tone, he embracing his Queen, said,

My dear Genura, I implore you, as a dying Man, to forgive me the Injuries I have done to your Marriage-bed: I have, in my youthful Heat, drawn away and defiled the Earl of *London's* Daughter, the fair *Angelica*; whom, for my more secret Pleasure, I caused to be put into the Nunnery at *Lincoln*; and from our wanton Pleasures sprang this wretched Son, pointing to the *Red-rose Knight*; whereat not only the Knight, but all present stood in a wonderful Amazement, especially *Anglitoria*, who now conceived more Indignation than ever against her Husband, that for one who was base born she left her Country, and refused the Proffers of many potent Kings and Princes; but before that honourable Assembly she concealed her Resentments. The Queen likewise inwardly stormed that her Marriage Pleasures had been bestowed on another, who had caused her to be despised in her Husband's Eyes, and therefore resolved, when his Funeral, and the time of Mourning was over, to be revenged on *Angelica*; yet, kissing and embracing the King, she pronounced his free Pardon for all the

Injuries he had done her. Soon after which he died in greater Contentment and Assurance of a happy State.

How he went to visit his Mother in the Nunnery at Lincoln, and what passed between them, and how he was forsaken of the Princess, and her Son, the Black Knight; how she fell in Love with a strange Knight, lost her Son in a Forrest; and lastly murdered her Husband upon his Arrival.

THe Red-rose Knight at this strange and unexpected Discovery of his Birth and Parentage, was so amazed and confounded, he knew not what to think; yet calling many former Passages to mind, he at last believed the Words of the dying King, and resolved to pay a Visit to his Mother, and acquaint her with what had passed; which he accordingly did: she at first received him as a Stranger, but when he had told her the Story, she was so surpriz'd, that between Joy and Grief, she fell in a Swoon, out of which he, and the Ladies that were call'd to his Assistance, had much ado to recover her, but at length coming to herself, she embraced her Son, whom she knew by the Impression of a Rose on his left Temple, occasion'd by her Longings when she was with Child of him; so that for a long time they condoled each others Misfortunes with Sighs and Tears, relating the Story of their Adventures, as you have already heard them in the foregoing Part of this History: After that, she told him, She believed she had not long to live, for that the King being dead, the enraged Queen would omit no Opportunity to destroy her Life. This startled the Red-rose Knight, saying, God forbid that she should be so revengefully bent, and bloody minded; promising, with all the Interests he had with her to pacifie her Rage; and so, with Tears in their Eyes, and many Kisses they parted.

Now in the Absence of the Red-rose Knight, Anglitora conceived such Indignation, that she resolved to stay no longer with him, and gaining her Son's Consent to go with her, taking all her Jewels, and what else was of Value, that might be conveniently carried, put them on her Negro's Back, and hasted to go to Southampton, in order to take Shipping for her own Country; and successfully embarking, sailed many Leagues till they came before an Island of large Extent, where, being Sea-sick, she, her Son, and Negro, went on Shoar to refresh themselves; but scarcely were they landed but a mighty Storm arose, forcing the Ship from her Anchor, nor could the Mariners

rigers recover the Shoar, so that they were there left in a desolate Condition, where Hunger forced them to wander in search of Provisions, till at last they espied an old ruinous Castle, wherein dwelt a Knight, and a Dwarf, this Knight professed Necromancy, and had lived here many Years sequestred from the World, there being no other Humane Inhabitants, at the Gate of this Castle, Necessity constrained them to knock, till the Dwarf came and opened it, who seeing People of a strange Habit and Country, he ran to his Master and gave him Notice of it, who came down, and courteously received them, entertaining them with such as he had, which was wild Boar and Venison, with Bread of Almonds; and for their Drink, they had the Juice of wild Grapes, and Goats Milk, the Country afforded neither Corn nor any other Grain except Water.

After Supper, he entertained them with melodious Musick, to which his Dwarf danced in many Aptick Postures; and so every one went to Repose: But the next Day the Provision failing, the young *Black Knight* resolved with his Bow and Quiver to go to the neighbouring Forrest to kill some wild Venison, being told by the Knight there was great store of Deer; nor could the Persuasions of his Mother restrain him from it. He was no sooner gone, but the Knight grew amorous of the fair *Anglicorn*, and with much Courtship and Flattery obtained her Consent to be her Paramour; and, that they might have the more Freedom of their Pleasures, he so enchanted the Forrest, that when the *Black Knight* was enter'd, he could by no means find his Way out, though traced all the Paths in it, but for a Year was forced to take up with Bears, Lyons, and Tygars, who fawned upon him, and became his Familiars, bringing him daily Food, he making a rocky Cave his Palace to sleep in a Nights.

Whilst these things passed, the *Red-rose Knight* left England in a Pilgrim's Weed, sad and sorrowful, in search of his Fair, but the constant Princess; and had the same Luck to be lost and left on the Island as she had been, which was done by Incantment to destroy him: He had not travelled far, but he found the Negro that had attended on his Lady, since her first coming from her Father's Court; at which he greatly rejoiced, and hastily demanded, what was become of his lovely Princess? Who with Tears in his Eyes, told him for what Reasons she had left England; and how she had given up her Chastity and Honour to a Knight in that Island, with whom she lay every Night; and that his Son was lost in the Forrest, supposed to be torn to Pieces by wild Beasts.

This

The History of Robin of Lincoln.

This grieved him so beyond measure, that he could hardly refrain doing Violence on himself; but after he had made many bitter Complaints against his Princess, he entreated the Negro to convey him unto the Castle, but not to make it known to any body who he was. This he promised to do, and faithfully performed, and he craving Alms as a poor Ship-wreck'd Man, thrown on the Shore by Streets of Weather, his Princess came down to bestow her Liberality on him; into whose Hand he secretly thrust the Jewel she had given him when he killed the Dragon and won the Golden Tree; when knowing it, and looking wishfully upon him in Disguise, tho' his Face was over-grown with Hair by his Sorrow and long Travel, whereupon blushing and trembling, without speaking a Word to him, she retired to her Chamber, and there related to her Knight who he was the cruel Destinies had cast on the Shore to disturb their Repose, with all that had formerly passed between them: Whereupon it was agreed between them, he should be courteously received, and that in the Night they would murder him, and bury him privately; and so the Dwarf and Negro were order'd to set Provisions before him, and entertain him in the most courteous manner.

The *Red-rose Knight* thinking that his Lady's so sudden retiring was through Shame and Guilt, and that the next Morning he should have better Leisure to discourse her, when she was come to herself. Night being come, went to Bed, conducted by the Servants, to rest his weary Limbs, but fatal to him; about Midnight he was seized and bound, his Sword being before stole from his Bed's Head by the Dwarf, for had he had that in his Hand, and not been surprized in his Sleep, this Business had been fatal to the enchanting Knight; but being now in the Toils, he address'd himself in a mournful Language to his enraged Wife; but she was to all he alledged, deaf as stormy Winds and Seas to the Prayers and Cries of a distressed Mariner; and, with her cruel Hands putting a Scarf about his Neck, twisted it so hard, with the Help of her Paramour Knight, that with much ado they strangled the most worthy Champion of Europe; and buried him in the Dung-hill, lest the *Black Knight* his Son, returning, should get Knowledge of the Murder, and revenge it. And because the Negro mourned, and grievously lamented for the Death of his Master, they caused a Pit to be dug in the Earth, and placed him in it up to the Arm-pits, filling in the Earth upon his Body, and leaving there to starve.

C H A P. VII.

How the Ghost of the Red-rose Knight appearing to the Black Knight, commanded him to revenge his Death, which he performed, and thereupon run Distracted, him he recovered his Wits by the Aid of the Fairy Knight; of the Death of Angelica, and King Arthur's Queen.

This inhumane Murder had not been long done, and the Murderers thought themselves in the highest Security of Freedom and Delight, but the Ghost of the Red-rose Knight appeared to the Black Knight, as he sat by Moon-light under a spreading Tree; declaring the manner of his barbarous Murder, and charging him to revenge it upon his unnatural Mother, and the Knight of the Castle; or else he would haunt him with such Terror and frightful Apparitions, that he should have small Joy or Comfort of his Life; and thereupon breathed out such Flashes of Lightning, as made the Wood seem all on fire, whilst the Earth quaked and trembled exceedingly. This made the young valiant Knight amazed, and swear to fulfil his Desires, that his Soul might have Rest, if ever he found the Way out of the Forrest. Hereupon the Ghost turned into a Flame, and commanded the Knight to follow him, when in a short time they were out of the Forrest, and within sight of the Castle; whereupon in a dreadful Clap of Thunder, the Ghost vanished from his sight, leaving him in much Confusion; yet he resolved to go forward, and knocking at the Gate, was let in by the Dwarf, who, knowing him, seemed Glad of his Return, and directed him to the Chamber where his Mother, and the Knight were. There, upon his Entrance, he found them fast asleep in each others Arms, as being charmed into Slumber, thro' the Pleasure and Solace they had lately taken: This hated Sight so much enraged him, that with his Sword he pierced the Knight's Heart immediately, without giving him any Warning of his Death, whose piteous Groans at his Expiring awaked the Princess, who seeing her Son with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and her Paramour dead by her Side, shrieked out so lamentably, that he stood pausing, not having Power to execute the intended Revenge till his Father's Ghost appearing in a frightful manner, and commanded him to kill the Adulteress, he with a trembling Hand pierced her tender Breast, whilst she lay crying out for Mercy. Then understanding the Dwarf had betrayed the Moor into that woful Condition, where for Hunger he had eaten the Flesh off his Arms, as far as he could reach, he deliver'd him, and put him into his Place, and so left

The History of *Com of Lincoln.*

left the Castle; and travelling to the Sea-shoar, found a Ship which waisted him to the main Continent, where he travelled thro' many strange Countries, sad and penfive, that he had been constrained to kill his Mother, in Revenge of his Father's Death; so that Excess of Sorrow brought him at last into a raving Distraction; he fancied he saw her ghastly Ghost presented to his Eyes, pointing to the bloody Wound in her Breast, and filling his Ears with Speeches and Cries; and in this piteous Condition he continued till the *Fairy Knight*, his Brother born by Queen *Celia*, met him, and by giving him a Dose he had received by an aged Man for rescuing his Daughter from being ravished by a Satyr, he recovered his Senses, and forgot his Sorrow; and by some Discourse that hapned between them, they knew how they were related to each other, and so overjoyed for this happy Meeting, agreed to travel towards their Father's Country. This latter, after the Death of Queen *Celia*, being called, by the Ladies to whose Charge she had committed him, *The Fairy*; and for his valourous Actions and great Wisdom, he was afterwards call'd, *The World's Triumph*. A long time they journeyed together, performing many Adventures, till at last they took Shipping in *Spain*, and arrived safely in *England*, where the *Black Knight*, to appease her Ghost, perform'd his Mother's Funeral Rites, building her a magnificent Tomb, and in Letters of Gold fixed this Inscription:

Here lies *Anglitora*, Daughter to *Prestor John*,
Wife to the *Red-rose Knight*; slain by her Son,
For Injuries unto her Husband done.

This done, he diligently enquired after *Angelica*, his Grandmother; and found to his Sorrow, that the enraged Queen had caused her to put on a poisoned Robe, by the force of which Poison, with much Penitence she died, bewailing her former Crimes, and praying for the Queen who murder'd her; which struck such Remorse into her Conscience, that she caused not only those she had set to murder her to be slain, but soon after, with great Lamentations, hanged herself.

Then they went to *Lincoln*, where they performed many noble Deeds; and lived lovingly like Brothers together all their Lifetimes; bringing great Honour and Renown to the Nation.